SNAP

SHOTS OF LIFE WITH LAUGHS

AUGUST

10¢

SCENES
FROM BROADWAY'S
NEWEST HITS!

•

GALS IN SPORTS
—AND SHORTS

•

"GIRLS' LEGS
DON'T MATE"
—BILLY ROSE

•

SPLASHES IN THE LIFE
OF A DRIP

•

PLUS OTHER GREAT
PICTURE FEATURES

ELEANOR HOLM

Photo by Murray Korman

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!

Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too, Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play an Instrument

Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a record-ing he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.

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Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY 75c per dozen.

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Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

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Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

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AUG. 1940

SNAP

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Shots of Life with Laughs

PLUMES AND STUFF. And the stuff is none other than Betty Grable, currently appearing on Broadway in "Du Barry Was a Lady."

WOULD HELEN? Well, she might—if the water's not too cold. Helen Wood, radio dramatic actress of New York, models a new swim suit suggesting the coral strands, waving palms and stuff of dear old Tahiti.

GALS in the NEWS . . . but BARELY!

PREPARED. With bear-fur and bare-skin, Mary Daniels, a Broadway theatrical entertainer, is all set for any kind of weather. Gosh, we hope we didn't muff this one!

STATUESQUE — BUT NOT COLD AS MARBLE. Judy Kane graces one of the many revues around New York's Times Square. Of course, her favorite song is, "Hand Me Down My Judy Kane."

FLOWER GIRL. Kunning Kathryn Kase is another of the Billy Rose gals. She features a sunflower dance—and is doing a much better job of it than Alf Landon did in 1936.

HOOFER. Lovely Ellen Patti is a caper-cutting terpsichorean at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe nitery along Gotham's Great White Way.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER—OR IS IT? We weren't in the publishing business in 1915 when this hot number was really hot. So we present her to you now. Ain't that a fancy get-up she's wearing?

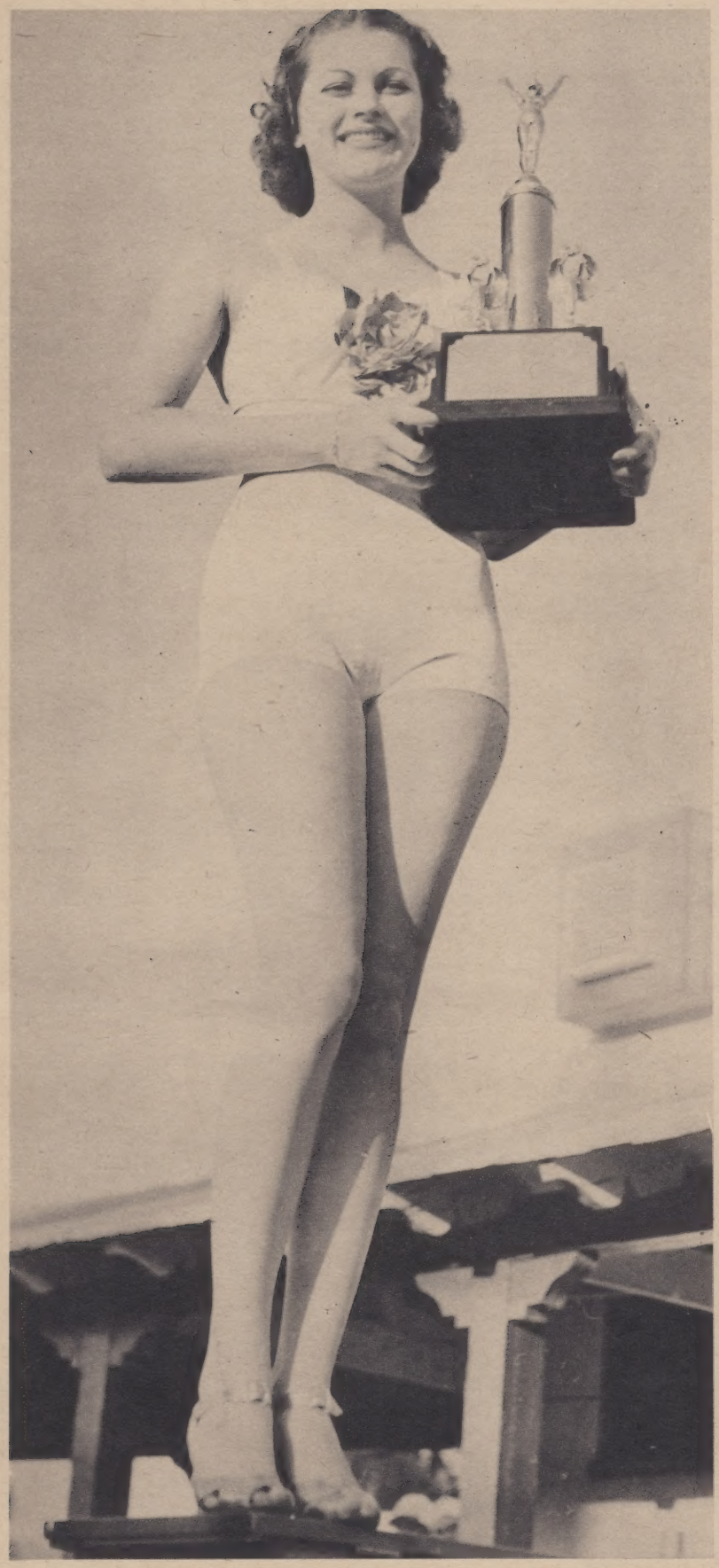
TEN SECONDS TO GO! Then up slides the curtain, and these cuties will make a wild rush to be onstage at The Roxy, New York deluxe theater.

AHEAD OF THE TIDE. Yeah, and she'd better be, too. If the tide ever catches up with that outfit, and the fabric shrinks—wow!

FANCY FLIGHT OF FANCY. Marta Barnett, southern tennis champion, shows rare form as she sits astride this pink flamingo. This delicate procedure is sometimes known as "getting the iron bird."

DAPPER DUDS FOR MERRY MERMAIDS YEAH, MAN!

IN a spirit of helpfulness, we're showing what a few of the beach beauties are wearing this year. These are the new, streamlined bathing get-ups for 1940. Air-conditioning, rear-vision, soft clutch, cushioned in rubber, washable upholstering and super-chargers are only a few of the innovations apparent in these scant—but efficient—garments. But don't take our word for it—ask the gal who owns one!



Above:—"MISS FLORIDA." That's the title recently won by Cecille Perkins at Miami Beach. "Miss Florida" is just another reason why we wouldn't want to miss Florida.

Above, Right:—STOP THAT PRESS! What's the matter with that printer, anyway? See here, Mr. Simpson, you know we wouldn't want to print an oldie like this. It's a misprint and a misfit, that's what it is. But it was hot stuff in 1915!

Right:—FUN FOR THE CORSET. Ruth Shelley demonstrates the new swimming corset as she meanders along the beach at dear old Miami. The puller-inner was produced by Ethel Traphagen, well-known designer of gadgets for milady.

IT DON'T MEAN A THING, IF YOU AIN'T GOT THAT SWING! Ah, how true. But Mr. James A. Farley HAS that swing. He figures maybe he can swing a lot of decisive states, too, maybe.

GARNER: —and the other guy says, "That ain't no lady—that's my wife!" Some fun, eh, Frank?

F. D. R.: Oh, boy! What a swell story, John, what a swell story!

IS OUR NEXT PRESIDENT WELL, DON'T ASK US—

NOT since 1936 have so many presidential possibilities tossed their tattered bonnets into the well-known ring —or, at least, tossed and missed.

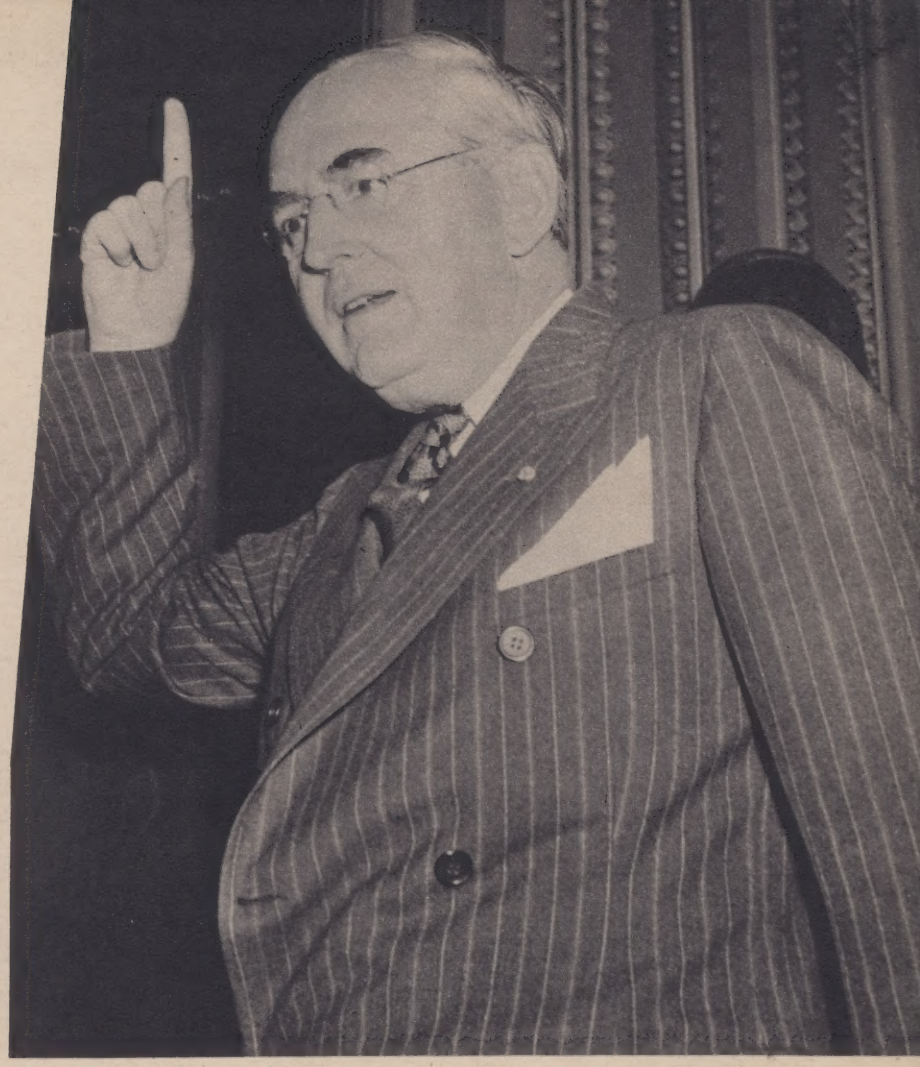
Maybe yours is in. Maybe the guy next door has pitched a ringer. The other day we met a guy who ain't worked for three years. He says he's reached the point where he'll do any kind of a job—so his hat's in.

Last week, a guy in Chicago told us he had no idea of running. But a balmy Spring breeze accidentally blew his chapeau into the ring—and his platform is now under construction.

Anyway, it won't do you no harm to look these boys over!

INFORMAL POSE (THAT HOMEY TOUCH). Herbert Hoover, having once been a boarder at the White House, wouldn't mind some more of the same dish. He's shown here in his old duds as he cleans his attic.

MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT. Mr. Oscar Q. Whiffenstraffer, Jr., of Marble Cliff, Ohio, cringes with genuine terror before a staff camera. "Don't you-all dare print that picture," he roars. "I'm all washed up on this campaign business. I'm through handing out soft soap!"



POINTING WITH PRIDE? VIEWING WITH ALARM? Naw, none of them things. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan is merely brushing up on a few shag routines he expects to do at the Inaugural Ball of 1941. Yeah, man —slap that bass!

ON THIS HERE PAGE? WE'RE ASKING YOU!

BANJO EYES. My, my, my! Doesn't Thomas E. Dewey look surprised! And we don't know why, either—unless it's because he's getting his picture in our cozy, little magazine.

THIS IS NO BULL. The cow (right) listens attentively while aspirant Bob Taft tells (modestly) how he'll turn the White House lawn into a green pasture for discontented cows—if—and when—he becomes president.

Gals Like These Keep the

AQUACADE

from being All Wet!

(Even if their legs aren't mates.)

INA RAY HUTTON

ONE recent Tuesday, the Dutch Treat Club, a clique of famous artistic and journalistic ribbers, invited Billy Rose, the Bantam Barnum of Broadway, as their guest speaker. Rose intrigued the tribe with inside stories behind his night club activities and his World's Fair Aquacade headaches.

But the listeners gasped when Billy suddenly and nonchalantly ventured his opinion that "No girl, no matter how beautiful, has legs that are mates!"

Immediately, the press associations dispatched the crack to papers throughout the nation. Hollywood was up in arms about its legs. Flicker factories attempted to prove, with picture and prose, that Rose's remark didn't have a leg to stand on.

"SNAP" asked Hy Gardner, Broadway columnist, to entice opinions from some of the glamour gals of the gay light way. His reports follow:

Betty Grable, dancing star of Hollywood and Broadway, said: "It's quite possible that Billy Rose looks at a girl's legs through the water of the Aquacade, and has come to the conclusion that all girls' legs aren't mates because of the distortion." Betty's picture appears on pages 3 and 26.

Ina Ray Hutton, beautiful band leader, laughed right out loud when she read Rose's statement. "Technically, Hy," she grinned, "Mr. Rose might be right, particularly insofar as the muscular development in the legs of dancers is concerned, but I think that any pair of shapely legs that go well together are mates. I'd like you to show me the man who's so lacking in romance that he takes out a tape measure to make sure he could believe his own eyes!"

Eleanor Holm, Mrs. Rose in private life, and Aquabelle Number One, publicly unleashed a leer in her eye. "I hope there's nothing personal in that remark," she said, "and, if you notice, he was careful to make the crack at a club where no girls were present to give him an argument!"

ONE OF THE GALS. Beauteous Margaret Adams is one of the Aquacade's huskier gals. She'd sure be a swell life saver at a gent's swimming pool.

TIME OUT. Miss Holm gets out of the pool long enough to enjoy a bit of sunshine and breeze between sequences at an Aquacade rehearsal.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. Or, maybe these gals are already perfect. Anyway, they're rehearsing their parts in Bill Rose's now-famous Aquacade. Careful, girls—don't drop that blonde!

LIFE SAVER. If you need it, just cry out—and Eleanor will be more than glad to toss a life preserver in your direction. Maybe she can pitch a ringer—who knows?

MURRAY KORMAN PHOTO

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS, BOYS? Here are some more of Bill's Aquacaders keeping in trim by rolling eggs. This exercise is known as "The Easter Parade."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Or, as a last resort, a gal can always find a friend who's having a birthday. Then, of course, the thing to do is to sling a party. A big, fat slice of chocolate fudge cake, washed down with a pint of gin, will make a birthday party a thing to be remembered.

HOW A GIRL CAN SPEND A MERRY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND YET REMAIN WITHIN THE LAW (SHE HOPES!)

LEATHER PUSHER. One way of fighting off the dullness of a summer Sunday afternoon is to put on the gloves and go a few rounds with—well, with anyone. The line forms on the right, boys—who'll take a few punches at this Leap Year Special?

OLD—BUT GOOD. Tossing originality to the winds, this babe took her boy friend to Washington Square where they discussed such topics as art and philosophy. Our photographer caught them while the discussion was on in earnest.

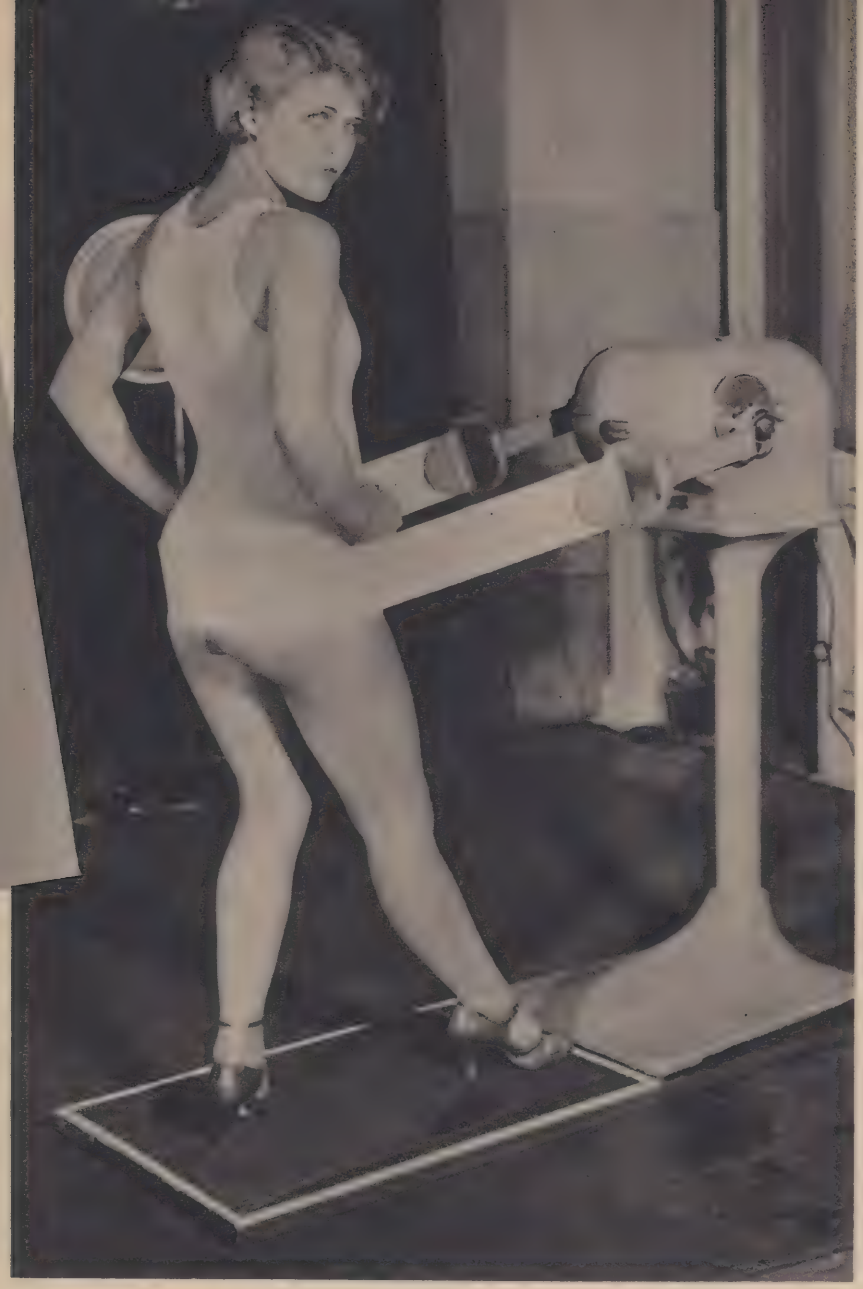
THIS GAL HAS SOMETHING! Yes, sir—she's found that a good rub-down not only straightens out her kinks, but it's a swell way to pass a Sunday p.m. And if she'd like to hire a guy to do the job for her—well, it's nice work if you can get it!

TO PROVE THAT LIFE MOVES IN CYCLES. This little lady put in her Sunday by making a few minor and major repairs to her motorcycle. "My boy friend," she explained shyly, "couldn't afford a mink coat, so he gave me this motorcycle. At least, that's his story—and I'm stuck with it."

GALS IN SPORTS-- AND SHORTS

FORM. Pretty Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, one of the nation's top-notch tennis players, shows our camera how she keeps in shape. (And if that's a pun, we can't help it!)

THEY KNOW THEIR ROPES. When it comes to good, clean fun, there ain't nothing like a real, old-fashioned tug o' war to make things lively. But, shuckin's, these gals could make things lively, tug o' war or no tug o' war. (But could they keep the fun good and clean?)



OLD-FASHIONED. A few years ago, gals used to wear off their hippage by being machine-slapped. Now-a-days they massage the hips by sitting on stools at cocktail bars.

PLAYING HORSE. Madeline Lee, who acts like a horse—but doesn't look at all like one—takes Helen Wood for a ride. It's all a bit of horse play at Palm Springs, Californy.

TAKING IT EASY. Jane Bryan makes it easy for herself by sprawling on a sunny beach. And we make it easy for our eyes by drawing a focus on Miss Bryan.

Big SPLASHES in the Life of A LITTLE DRIP

OFF THE BEAM

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

THE COCKTAIL HOUR. Herr Hitler would like to down a couple of mint juleps (he's in south Germany) here, but he's just a bit afraid that one of his pals, Doc Tiso or General Keitel, may slip him a Micky Finn. The old boy is on the outs with the Finns, anyway. Some pun, eh, Adolf?

OFF THE BEAM. This gal is a real rug-cutter, and she'd rather dance than eat. But, as this photo shows, she isn't so anxious to jive that she'd trip the light fantastic with such a fantastic as Mr. Hitler. She's probably doing her dancing in a concentration camp now.

RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST. "The hell with them two clowns," declares King Victor Emanuel of Italy (right), as he gives out with an old-fashioned salute. "If Adolf and Mussie want to make with one of them new-fangled Fascist straight-arms, I reckon it's their own business!"

DISHING IT OUT—

DISHING IT OUT—BUT CAN HE TAKE IT? (Editor's note: No!) "Hello, America! I'm inviting all of you to come to Germany this summer for your annual vacation. I can promise to rob you, toss you in jail, put you in my army and probably stand you in front of a firing squad!"

LEND ME YOUR EARS, BOYS—

LEND ME YOUR EARS, BOYS. The dictator is shown here as he tells the boys of the 10th regiment a few stories he picked up at the pool room last night. The boys, of course, think he's funny enough without telling stories. But they'll get demerits if they don't look interested.

SUBSTITUTE—

SUBSTITUTE. This lady has been promising the kid for weeks that she'd take him to the Bronx zoo to see the freaks of animaldom. She didn't have time to come all the way to the Bronx from Berlin, so, instead, she allowed her young son to meet Hitler. Apparently, the kid thinks this is better than the zoo, any day. Don't feed the animal peanuts, kiddo!

BUT CAN HE TAKE IT?

PEACE, BROTHER. A couple of Broadway comics give us a look at Adolf and Joe Stalin, a la Father Divine. "Let's pull together—after I black your eyes," says Adolf. "Okay by me," chirps Joe, "as soon as I have pulled that halo around your ears and kicked you in the teeth." Yea, verily—peace, it's wonderful!

PEACE, BROTHER

Them was the GOOD OLD DAYS —or was THEY?

WHEN DAY IS DONE. Despite what the travel bureaus tell us, we continue to maintain that there ain't no place like home—and bed. A jug, a jane and a joyous jest—that's us all over, Mabel. (Wake up, Mabel—they're calling your name!)

IN A RUT. Motoring in the old days went from one mess of mud to one muddy mess. Maybe these fellows are only waiting for a street car—but, chances are, they'd settle for a husky horse.

COMBINATION OUTFIT. This ducky deal in duds was designed specifically for bathing. It looks as if it would serve equally well for a coal miner, garage mechanic or Arctic explorer.

DOVE DANCER. We wouldn't want to speak no harm about this halie—but, look—even the doves ate flying away from her. We might go further to remark (and ever so cleverly) that she's getting the bird—in reverse.

SHE'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN. With an outfit like this, a gal could climb almost anything. Her hempen leash (or is it a sash?) is a handy accessory to prevent falling out of telephone booth.

LISTEN, MY CHILDREN, AND YOU SHALL HEAR —Or, maybe they ain't his children. But, anyway, they shall hear—hear the winners of the Hit Parade when canned music had more screeches and howls than a haunted hacienda.

OO LA LA! Del Ohrel is one of the dance artistes of the Monte Carlo, French Cabaret in New York.

FROM SONG TO DRAMA. Iris Adrian, who starred in "Of Mice and Men," powerful dramatic hit, was formerly a songstress. She's also appeared in "Fabulous Invalid" and "I Must Love Someone."

HI, HY—WHO'S YOUR PAL? Hy Gardner, Broadway columnist and Hollywood visitor, calls on Lana Turner as she works out in a West Coast gym. Hy's call was, of course, on official business.

WARBLER. Amy Arnel possesses that sweet voice you hear over the radio and on records when Tommy Tucker Time is the music. She frequently appears at the Fiesta Danceteria, Times Square's famous Self-Service Nite Club.

WHEN THE BOY FRIEND HAS THE FLOOR. Allow him to talk all he wants. All you have to do is listen—and look interested—even if he gives out with jokes about the farmer's daughter. But while he spouts off, put your—er, that is, well—your legs—where he can't miss 'em.

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHTA KNOW BEFORE LEAP YEAR DOES A SCRAM

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! If you've rassled for an hour, and he's tired, for gosh sakes, let him rest. Of course, a guy likes to go a few rounds with a girl (especially like the one in this picture), but he also likes to take time out to dope out a few new holds.

A CROWD IS BAD. Don't ring in your girl friend when the boy friend takes you out to lunch. He ain't gonna like it one bit. And, besides, he might even go for your friend and leave you stacked up with the dirty dishes. Make a note of this; it's quite important.

VENUS WITH A MOP. And, my goodness, don't let your hair get all unfixed just because you have a bit of mopping up to do. You'll never clean up in a matrimonial way by having your hair-do all undone like this gal. Note the look of regust on Romeo's puss!

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOGGIE. It's a good sign if the guy likes your dog. Your chief concern here is, of course, to see that Fido doesn't gnaw a hunk out of your suitor. A young man tends to give a gal the cold shoulder if her pooch makes with the teeth.

HEY, GIRLIE—DON'T PULL AWAY! If a guy wants to kiss you after a date, don't interfere with his plans. However, if you feel you must scream for help, wait until after he kisses you. Then emit a soft, low-pitched scream. This will ease your conscience without frightening the young man.

UNSCHEDULED LANDING? Naw, it's just a part of the goofy dance routine given out by Paul and Paulette. They do a burlesque ballroom dance that'll panic you.

LEON AND EDDIE'S:

IT'S THE NIGHT CLUB

WHEN you see New York and its night life, you ain't seen nothin' yet, folks, until you visit this spot. It's one of those rare places where cousins from Peoria and Pleasant Valley mingle with the hot shots of stage, screen, radio and Park Avenue.

HAW! HAW! HAW! Eddie Davis, M.C. at the club, and Carol Rhodes, songstress, take time out from their official duties for a good, hearty laugh.

WOW! WATTA PAIR—OF GALS. Looking 'em over, from left to right, you see Kay Toth and Barbara Miller, two of the Bobby Sanford girls appearing at Leon and Eddie's.

TYPEWRITER DESTROYERS. The guy on the left is Jimmie Fidler, ace Hollywood news columnist. He apparently stopped in Leon and Eddie's for a slug of tea with Lou Sobol, Manhattan columnist for the Hearst papers. One of Lou's lesser-heralded claims to fame is that he has a cousin named Jolson who is soon to return to Broadway in musicomedy.

PRIZE WINNER. Eddie Davis (left) is shown as he's presented with a plaque for smashing all records for lengthy night club engagements. Doing the presenting (left to right) are George "Pick 'em Young" Jessel, Renee De Marco and Gene Tunney.

CHASSIS. Adele Jergens, of the "Du Barry was a Lady" cast, appears in the makings of a hoop skirt. What happened to the rest of the skirt, no one seems to know. But everyone is satisfied—yes, sir!

(Our old pal, Bert Lahr, slipped in here when we weren't looking—honest!)

LA GRABLE. Here's another interesting pose as posed by one of the better posers, Miss Betty Grable.

THE GREAT LOVER. Bert Lahr says, "I love youse." Betty Grable replies, "Aw, go tell that to Ethel Merman!" It's a heart-rending scene from "Du Barry."

FETCHING SCENES FROM BROADWAY'S NEWEST SHOWS

GLORIOUS. Gloria Gaffey is one of the reasons why you should see "Keep off the Grass," revusical starring Dancer Ray Bolger, Songstress Jane Froman, Ilka Chase, sophisticated comedienne, and that drawing room favorite, Sir James Durante. To the left of Glorious Gloria is Helen Devlin. Below is Mimi Walthers.

FROM "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" AND "DU BARRY WAS A LADY" WE PRESENT THESE PRETTY LITTLE LASSIES!

"Come on over, Mr. Winslow—I just finished dressing."

"I wonder where I caught this cold."

"Has my husband passed here? He's bald headed."

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU! Whether this pool was built with glass sides so the swimmers can see out, or whether the glass is so the spectators can peer in, we don't know. But, this time, the spectator is getting the break. It's at exclusive Wellesley College.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. This is the now-glamorous Mae West. The picture was made in 1927 as Miss West made her departure from a New York City jail where she spent some time. All of which is a nice way of saying it.

EX-UNDERSTUDY. Julie Bryan, former understudy to Gypsy Rose Lee, is now starring in her own right at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. She made her way up the Shubert and Ziegfeld ladders of fame.

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- Make people do your bidding
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- Get any job you want
- Make people bring back stolen goods
- Make anyone lucky in any games
- Cast a spell on anyone, no matter where they are
- Get people out of law suits, courts, or prison
- Banish all misery
- Bring happiness to broken lives
- Know what others are doing
- Gain the mastery of all things
- Bring happiness to broken homes
- Remove the source of unhappiness
- Choose your words according to ancient, holy methods
- Chant your desires in the silent tongue

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